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VOL. II.

COLVILLE.

A WEST INDIAN TALE.

[Continued from our last.]

THE storm still raged with unremitting violence.—What was to be done? Further to brave the inclemency of the elements were madness. The miserable father sunk beneath the weight of his affliction—it was too much—Nature could not stand the shock! Louisa fancied herself an orphan; but kind heaven had ordained otherwise—Her father yet lived. ‘Where are you, my Louisa?’ exclaimed a feeble voice. ‘O my father!’ was all Louisa could articulate. The storm had now in a great degree subsided;—returning light did but occasion returning misery. Some faithful slaves approached the spot anxious for the safety of the family;—their mistress, the idol of their affection, was no more!—But this was not a time for sympathy. Colville roused himself, and lifting Louisa from the ground where she lay almost overwhelmed in the ruins, he led her into the open air.—What a sight was here! scarcely a house standing the whole country round: Whites and Blacks, in the agonies of death, every where struck his eye:—ruin and desolation stared him in the face. Where was he to seek for shelter? under whose friendly roof could he meet with accommodation?—Alas! the havoc was general:—here and there the ruins of a once splendid house, or the remains of a mill, or a boiling-house:—fifteen of his slaves had perished in the storm:—his horses, his cattle, scarcely one surviving. ‘This is too much—Louisa! He could not contain himself, and burst into a flood of tears. Louisa’s sympathising heart beat in unison with his own.

Come hither, ye philosophers, ye who affect to smile at the vicissitudes of life; come hither and cast your eyes towards Colville:—lo! a husband, by one cruel stroke, bereft of an amiable partner; a planter of his possessions; and a parent, of the means of supporting his family:—for shame, get the better of your apathy, and drop the tribute of a tear at the shrine of Sensibility!

Some Negroes, at a little distance, seemed employed. Curiosity led Colville to the place. Faithful slaves! they had formed a box with a few boards, in which they had placed the remains of their unfortunate mistress, and were then just depositing the precious relics in the earth: they wished, from the cruel necessity of the time to save the bitter pangs of a final separation. These were slaves; these were negroes, whom an enlightened world has reckoned destitute of the finer feelings of humanity! Colville came, saw, dropt a tear, and retired. Fate denied him the power of affording her a better

burial; but her spirit, will, no doubt, though the last sad rites were performed by negroes, reach the mansions of heaven with as great purity, as if entombed by her friends in all the pomp of funeral solemnity, for there is a Power,

“Who sees, with equal eye, as God of all.”

The friendly care of the negroes was now engaged in erecting a little hut as a temporary shelter. Materials for carrying on this work were not wanting: the ruins of Colville-Hall afforded a too ample sufficiency. Their united exertions soon completed the erection. To this humble roof Colville, with Louisa by his side betook himself.

Lo! the changes of a day!—Colville, who was but yesterday the affluent planter, sits there now the dejected bankrupt: he, who could yesterday have commanded thousands, has not now wherewith to satiate the cravings of his appetite. Fatal reverse of fortune!—But that Power, that has bruised, can also heal. A negro entered the door, with a basket in his hand; his eye sparkled with satisfaction. A few yards, the casual savings from his yesterday’s meal, this slave had brought as an offering to his master. ‘Take them, my good master he exclaimed; ‘I hope ere night to procure you something better.’

Boasted superiority, where are you now? Colville with thankfulness received the gift, and shared out the scanty pittance with his Louisa. But this was not the time for indolence and inactivity: Colville now bethought himself of extricating whatever he was able from the ruins. His slaves, ever diligent, had already commenced the search: with great difficulty a considerable quantity of his plate was dug out. His wardrobe, his linen, his furniture, were irretrievably gone. A chest with thick ribs of iron, in which Mr. Colville was accustomed to deposit his most valuable papers and cash, was sought for; but in vain: it for a considerable time baffled their search. At length, a slave exclaimed. ‘I have it, master!’ This discovery afforded very considerable consolation to Mr. Colville, as he had in it several papers of very important consequence; some few hundred pounds also in cash and notes, which it contained, were by no means unacceptable in this present critical juncture.

Mr. Colville’s estate lay in the heart of the country. Bridge-town, about fifteen miles distant from Colville-Hall, had received very immaterial injury. The hurricane, at first supposed general, had been only partial. An intimate friend and old school-fellow of Mr. Colville’s who resided in Bridge-town, and who had sustained but very slight loss from the storm, had immediately, on receiving accounts of the dreadful havoc made in that part of the country in which Mr. Colville resided, sent up a most

friendly invitation, begging ‘that he would make his house an home, till he could in some degree extricate himself from his present difficulties.’ Colville accepted the invitation with pleasure and with gratitude. Having collected together the few effects he had saved from the ruins, he entrusted the care of them to some of his faithful slaves, till a fit opportunity of conveying them to his friend’s house in Bridge-town. The goodness of his friend provided him with a horse and chaise. Colville handed Louisa in, cast his eyes around him, indulged the melancholy reflection of a moment, and proceeded on his journey. The first part of it represented the most shocking objects to their view: the dead bodies of men, women, and children lay here and there in promiscuous confusion. Colville forgot his own sufferings in the contemplation of the misery of others. The tender feelings of Louisa were moved by the horrid novelty of the scene; the power of utterance had forsaken her; her only expression was in her tears. On their approach to Bridge-town the prospect considerably brightened: some few houses only had been destroyed. Mr. Colville and his daughter were received by Mr. Boothby with open arms. Colville’s favourite maxim here fully stood the test:—‘If thou wouldst get a friend, prove him first, and be not too hasty to credit him: for some men are friends for their own occasions and will not abide in the day of thy trouble.’

Mr. Boothby was in the prime of life, a bachelor; he had been cotemporary at Eton with Colville: a particular friendship reigned between them in their youth, which had been more strictly cemented in their growing years.—Boothby was master of a very handsome property in Barbadoes, which he had very considerably improved by mercantile negotiations. His every thought was for Colville’s interest, his every concern for his welfare: nor did the gentle Louisa escape unnoticed.—he looked upon her as the daughter of a friend, and as such esteemed her.

Colville found himself now reduced to very narrow circumstances. By some remittances he had made to England in more prosperous times, he had yet, however, some property in the stocks. But even this was not sufficient to admit of the expence of William’s continuation at Eton: his removal from thence became necessary, particularly as he might be a considerable help to his father in his present embarrassed situation. Mr. Boothby, who was consulted by Mr. Colville on every occasion, perfectly coincided with him in the propriety of William’s return to Barbadoes. The measure was determined upon. Colville immediately wrote to the relation to whose care he had entrusted William, stating to him the heavy loss he had

sustained and the necessity of his return. In this letter he begged him to disclose to his son the death of his mother with as much delicacy as his own good sense would point out: he concluded, by thanking him for his assiduity and attention to his son, while under his care, and requested he would defray the expenses of his voyage to Barbadoes, which should be repaid whenever opportunity offered.

While these things were going on at Barbadoes, William was pursuing his studies at Eton with the most unremitting assiduity: his genius, naturally good, was considerably meliorated by his diligence and application. His improvements gained him the esteem of his tutors: his assiduity that of his schoolfellows. The long silence of his parents considerably alarmed him. Little did he imagine the fatal drama that had been performed. On his return from school one morning he was not a little astonished at the sight of Mr. Hale, his relation, whom having seen some very short time before, he did not think of so soon seeing again. After some little conversation, Mr. Hale disclosed to him, in the tenderest manner, the fatal series of events that had taken place, together with the necessity of his immediate return to Barbadoes. William bore the news with fortitude not to have been expected from a lad of his years. The loss of property might be retrieved: The loss of a parent irreparable: but dispatch was requisite. Mr. Hale after having gone through all the different punctilios required at Eton on a youth's quitting it, set off with his charge for London. On the road with the most soothing lenitives he instilled the doctrine of resignation in misfortunes:—"Cheer up my lad! all's not lost that is in danger—you will yet see better days." William quitted Eton with considerable regret: he saw himself now just about to embark on the wide ocean of the world, and cast a retrospective view on the many happy days he had passed within the precincts of King Henry's liberality.

[To be continued.]

MISCELLANY.

THE RURAL PROSPECT:

A SOLILOQUY.

Reflective minds are pleas'd with rural scenes.

WHAT a delightful prospect does this lofty rock afford one who has a taste to admire the simplicity and beauty, the magnificence and decorum of *Nature*! What serenity in the air, what fragrance among the springing flowers, what melody among the birds, what universal munificence from the *Parent* of my being—and what stupidity in many, who are the best calculated to contemplate and to harmonize with divinity like this! Creation is waking, as it were, from chaos—every thing is springing around me. They vegetate on the rock, on which I now sit, and cover its summit and sides with verdure. Day-break is dissipating the shades of night; but the dawning light comes on so gently, the vapours are imperceptibly dispelled. The veil which lately hung upon the brow of the hill, is removing for a mantle perfectly transparent. Already is one half of the heaven illuminated. The birth of a new mor-

ning is announced by the voice of animated nature.

The rising zephyr rustles among the leaves. From the neighbouring cottages ascend the wreaths of smoke. The planet Venus, alone disputes for a while the empire of the morning but after the contest of a few minutes, she retires vanquished and leaves the triumph of Aurora complete. And now her triumph is indeed rapid. Ah! too lively an emblem of human happiness. Nothing so brilliant while it is advancing; nor any thing so short as its continuance. The tender colours of the morn presently give place to the more animated fire and hues of noon! The radiant sovereign of day seems vertically to dart his glories into the very bowels of the earth.

Thus seated upon a jutting of the rocks, I am more delighted than in viewing the best ordered suit of rooms in the world. Methinks I could voluntarily yield up the residue of life to this moral solitude.

The panting animals seek the shade; the birds make to themselves curtains and bowers of the verdant branches: They all pass in repose and covert, these hours when their food is robbed of its dewy freshness; but the kindly drops of even shall restore its relish. — — —

The sun is preparing to set; the refreshing zephyrs of the closing day attend him; a light more soft and delicate descends from the tops of the trees and gilds their mossy trunks. I breathe the charming odours, which come wafted to me by the balmy zephyrs. All is sweetness and serenity. It seems as if Flora came to this very spot, to braid her beautiful tresses, to bathe in the stream that surrounds me, and expand the fragrance that enriches them. Philosophy, reason and ignorance are here met together: Oh! that I could forever reside on this charming rock, where every object serves but to enrapture, and all nature, more and more convincing, there is a God, and that his beneficence is as unlimited as his power.

*Far from the busy, crowded, low'd resort,
Of wealth, and pomp, and pleasure's frolic-band.
Let me retire; no greater joys I court,
Than such as flow from Nature's bounteous hand.*

ATTACHMENTS.

OUR attachment to every object around us increases, in general, from the length of our acquaintance with it. I would not choose, says a French philosopher, to see an old post pulled up, with which I had been long acquainted. A mind long habituated to a certain set of objects insensibly becomes fond of seeing them; visits them from habit and parts from them with reluctance.

From hence proceeds the avarice of the old in every kind of possession. They love the world, and all that it produces; they love life, and all its advantages; not because it gives them pleasure, but because they have known it long.

Chivang the Chaste, ascending the throne of China, commanded that all who were, unjustly detained in prison, during the preceding reign, should be set free. Among the number who came to thank their deliverer on this occasion, there appeared a majestic old man, who, falling

at the Emperor's feet, addressed him as follows:

"Great Father of China, behold a wretch, now eighty five years old, who was shut up in a dungeon at the age of 22. I was imprisoned, though a stranger to crime, or without being even confronted by my accusers. I have now lived in solitude and darkness for more than sixty years, and am grown familiar with distress.

"As yet dazzled with the splendor of that sun to which you have restored me, I have been wandering the streets, to find some friends that would assist, or relieve, or remember me; but my friends, my family, my relations, are all dead and I am forgotten.

"Permit me, then, to wear out the remains of life in my former prison; the walls of my dungeon are to me more pleasing than the most splendid palace: I have not long to live; and shall be unhappy except I spend the rest of my days where my youth was passed; in that prison from whence you were pleased to release me."

The old man's passion for confinement is similar to that we all have for life. We are habituated to the prison, we look round with discontent, we are displeased with the abode, and yet the length of our captivity only increases our fondness for the cell. The trees we have planted, the houses we have built, and the posterity we have begotten, all serve to bind us closer to earth, and embitter our parting.

Life sues the young like a new acquaintance; the companion, as yet unexhausted is at once instructive and amusing; its company pleases; yet, for all this, it is but little regarded. To us, who are declined in years, life appears like an old friend; its jests have been anticipated in former conversation; it has no new story to make us smile, no new improvement with which to surprize; yet still we love it; we husband the wasting treasure with increased frugality, and feel all the poignancy of anguish in the fatal separation.

THE MORALIST.

SENTIMENTAL REFLECTIONS ON LOVE.

In solitude

What happiness? Who can enjoy alone?

Or, all enjoying, what contentment find?

MILTON

THAT affection or reciprocal passion which unites two persons, is called Love. Love is a passion so necessary among mankind, that without it the human race would either become extinct, or differ little from brutes. The desire of the one sex for the other tends to perfect them both: it makes happy unions and amiable societies; but only let it be remembered, when reason presides over and directs it. Guided by a wicked passion, it every day causes the worst of crimes. If nature has bestowed on you a tender and affectionate heart, do not endeavour to render it insensible; fix your affections upon proper objects—upon such as may not render you less virtuous, or rather love only those who are themselves virtuous. There is neither love nor friendship without virtue.—The union of two

ers without virtue and good morals is not love, but an odious association, which engages them in a commerce of vices, and establishes between them a reciprocal participation of infamy.

FROM J. RUSSELL'S COMMERCIAL GAZETTE.

"Call him wise whose actions, words, and steps are all a clear because, to a clear why."

LAVATER.

IN the circle of creation, there are few to be found, who can justify their conduct, even upon ordinary occasions in a regular and satisfactory manner. Men of tolerable capacities very frequently are so biased by prejudice, custom and habit;—so often deluded by phantoms and controlled by caprice; that when they seriously are asked *why do ye so?* having never reflected upon the action before its performance, are totally unable to render a "clear because" explanatory of their motives.

In mankind there is a strange union of inclination to right, and pursuance of wrong. One of the most convincing proofs of the excellency of virtue, is the universal pretensions made to it. The garb of innocence is assumed by the blackest monster—religion is on the tongue of infidelity, friendship is the boast of perfidy, and patriotism of faction. Were not these qualities amiable, what villain would clothe himself in habiliments so opposite to his real character, and which set as awkwardly upon his person, as would the vestments of GOLIATH on the stripling DAVID. If virtue received no more homage from the world than vice—if merit shared the fate of infamy, and truth was no more worshipped than deceit, where would be the stimulus to assume a character, which is never personated but with the most uneasy restraint?

There is scarcely any action in a man's life unimportant, but what, if viewed as a link of that great chain which encircles every character, will not be found, improper totally to disregard, or hastily to perform. Man has his *lefts* as well as his *greater* duties; his every "action, word and step" should therefore be the result of reflection as he is not sensible of the effect of a *lux-pas* (insignificant in itself, but important as respects example) may have upon the imitative spectator.

Many there are,

*"Who ne'er advance a judgment of their own
But catch the spreading notion of the town,"*

and by this means treasure in their minds a heterogeneous mixture of truth and error—and cumulate like the rolling snow-ball, an impure and leavening mass, which disfigures what is amiable in their characters, and blends both good and ill together.

My neighbour, formerly a man of snug property, was so accustomed to hasty decision in mercantile pursuits, that sometime since, when a paper was presented for his signature, which a reflecting or penetrating eye might have discovered pregnant with mischief, and capable of involving the adventurer and his family in the most serious difficulties—such was his precipitant method—with one dash of his pen he committed his fortune to chance and the wind, and now in penury is collecting a

code of maxims for the use of his son, the first of which, experience has placed in capitals,

"Never begin a thing, till thou hast duly considered the end thereof."

I may perhaps hereafter have occasion to illustrate the truth, and exhibit the justice of this aphorism, in a distinct essay, conceiving its importance sufficiently warrants it.

At auction I have observed articles run up to an extravagant rate; and have often smiled at seeing the auctioneer turning his head from one side to the other, to catch the nod of two pieces of pride and obstinacy who with a view of attracting the stare of the spectator, affected an indifference to the price, and subjected in the end one of their purses to the emission of an exorbitant sum, which probably neither could afford, and all this, to gratify a passion too contemptible to name, whose object was *disindulgence*, (no matter of what kind) and whose pride was wanton prodigality. Ask these different persons the reason for their conduct—they can give none; and yet the next day will pursue the same. Reflection has announced their folly; but there is a strange something existing in their minds which prevents their quitting it.

In exalted stations, men are generally so impressed with their dignity, and the necessity of acting with the most critical circumspection, that they usually deliberate upon their affairs with coolness and attention, seldom deciding till they can assure themselves of being able to answer the people's "*why*" with a *clear because*". But it should be remembered, that when once a man has habituated himself to regular and cautious proceeding he will find it easy on every occasion to call up in his mind the *pros* and *cons*, and determine with judicious precision, the course best calculated to insure his peace, interest, happiness, or preservation. E.

The Dessert.

MONDAY, JULY . 22

THE MEDLEY.

MAN was born to live in innocence and simplicity, but he has deviated from nature; he was born to share the bounties of heaven but he has monopolized them; he was born to govern the brute creation, but he is become their tyrant.

COWARDS die many times; the valiant never taste of death but once.

"THE eye that will not weep at others sorrow,
Should boast no gentler brightness than the glare
That reddens in the eye-balls of a wolf."

If you design to make yourself happy, look to your thoughts before they come to desires; and entertain no thoughts which may blush in words.

"EVERY moral charm,
That leads in sweet captivity the mind
To virtue."

THOMSON.

It has been disputed, but it cannot certainly be an argument with men and women of sense, whether an union cemented by love, or fortune, serves most to constitute human felicity. Mutual love is the only delicious sweet, which fate, has generously dashed into the cup of life, to make the nauseous bitter draught go down. They who possess this golden felicity, glide in smiles through the valley of life, and hang the fairest garlands on the funeral urn of care. But those, who, alas! are bound together with the obligatory knot of Hymen, sigh amidst luxury and grandeur, and envy the wife possessed of the man of her heart, though perhaps not gilded by the rays of fortune; but the shade of private life (to an unambitious mind) must bestow more secret satisfaction than all the trappings of greatness.

O MARRIED love! thy bard shall own,
Where two congenial souls unite,
Thy golden chain intaid with down,
Thy lamp with heav'n's own splendour bright.

But if no radiant star of love,
O hymen! smile on thy fair rite,
Thy chain a wretched weight shall prove,
Thy lamp a sad sepulchral light.

IS it not a mortifying consideration that the powers of reason should be less prevalent than those of motion; and that a page of Seneca cannot raise the spirits, when a glass or two of Madeira will. It might, methinks, something abate the insolence of human pride to consider, that it is but increasing or diminishing the velocity of certain fluids in the animal machine, which elate the soul with the gayest hopes, or sink her into the deepest despair.

Generosity does not consist in a contempt of money, in throwing it away at random, without judgment or distinction, though that indeed is better than locking it up; but in a right disposition to proper objects in proportion to the merit, the circumstances, the rank and condition of those who stand in need of our service.

As women, when they think themselves secure of admiration, commit a thousand negligencies, which shew themselves so much at disadvantage, and off their guard, as to lose the little real love they had before, so when men imagine others entertain some esteem for their abilities, they often expose all their imperfections, and foolish works, to the disparagement of the little wits they were thought masters of.

A SOLDIER saying, at Thermopylae, that the arrows of the Barbarians were so numerous as to hide the sun: "Then," said Leonidas, "we shall have the advantage of fighting in the shade."

Certain young men, being reproved by Zeno for their prodigality, excused themselves, saying, "They had plenty enough, out of which they did it."—"Will you excuse a Cook," said he "that should over-salt his meat, because he had store of salt?"



ELBURN.

A LEGENDARY TALE.

DARK lower'd the storm, the surly gales
Hum'd rueful through the autumnal wood,
Within whose fallow bosom deep
Proud ELBURN's sumptuous Castle stood.

When ADELA, his beauteous child,
The feasting hall and guests forsook;
And where the sea was raving wild,
Her solitary station took.

And over many a heaving wave
Her eyes long looks of anguish threw;
And sighs of deepest woe she gave
To every gusty blast that blew.

"Arise my damsels," ELBURN said,
"For ADELA who loves to mourn,
"Along the desert beach hath stray'd,
"To wait her ALGERNON's return.
"Go bring her thence, and bind her hair,
"Her weeds let crimson vestments hide;
"With gold and gems adorn the fair,
"For she shall be ALPHONZO's bride."

The damsels heard, and rose with speed,
All shuddering at the harsh decree;
Yet none his mandate disobey'd—
A stern and haughty Lord was he.

With nimble steps and eager eyes,
Long time they sought the fair forlorn,
And found her where waves mock'd the skies;
With tangled locks, and garments torn.

O'er the vex'd deep, she anxious hung,
Nor seem'd to hear the chilling roar;
Though thro' the rocks the full gales rung,
And billows thunder'd on the shore.

"Ah why dost thou," the maidens cried,
"All heedless of thy lovely form,
"Stay thee by ocean's rocky side,
"Braving the spirits of the storm.

"Haste, haste thee to thy father's halls—
"Anxious for thy return he waits;
"Hark! From the battlements he calls!
"ALPHONZO's vassals croud the gates."

"Alas (she cried) my love I seek,
"And if his form I fail to find;
"Yet to the rough waves will I speak,
"And tell my griefs to the dread wind.

"Why—why, are parents hearts so hard?
"Surely that breast no bliss can know;
"Which griefs like mine will not regard,
"But adds a sting to every woe.

"Say damsels, was my love not fair?
"Did not the rose bloom on his cheek?
"What gem might with his eyes compare?
"What witching sweetness did they speak!

"Yes, they spoke Love, and 'twas to me!
"Oh how my heart drank in the flame;
"No other lover could I see,
"No other lover could I name.

"But with a killing frown, my fire,
"(Because my ALGERNON was poor)
"Bade him to INDIA's shores retire,
"And there for me more wealth procure.

"Look maidens—see yon shiv'ring sail,
"That rises 'midst the murmuring foam!
"Welcome cold winds, and pelting hail,
"Perhaps ye drive my lover home.

"Go tell my fire, I will not come—
"Bid proud ALPHONZO hence to hie;
"For till my partner finds his home
"Here on this rude rock will I lie."

They sped away—the sea rag'd high—
Tho' heaven's deep vault, loud thunders peal'd,
Pale lightnings gilt the lurid sky,
That even horror's bosom chill'd.

Yet thunder's voice, nor lightning's glare,
Could ADELA's torn breast alarm:
She hail'd the elemental war—
She lov'd the music of the storm.

EOLUS blew his strongest blast—
The Ship awhile his force withstood;
But the proud winds her strength forsook,
And strew'd her fragments on the flood.

No sailor reach'd the with'd for strand,
In vain the crew themselves would save,
For ruthless death with busy hand,
Each struggler plung'd beneath the wave.

And yet the maid endur'd the view,
And yet her heart to burst forsook,
'Till one tremendous billow threw
Her lover's corse upon the shore.

Then from the steep tall rock she sprung,
In silent woe his visage eyed:
Upon his much loved bosom clung,
Kiss'd his cold lips, look'd up, and died.

Scarce was her wondering spirit free,
When all attended by a throng,
Old ELBURN came toward the sea,
To bear his beauteous child along.

But woeful sight—on the wet ground,
And clinging round a bloated corse;
Pale, cold, and dead, his child he found—
Oh, what of nature was the force.

He saw—he felt—what could he more,—
He fell—his guards flew to his aid
In vain—the strife of life was o'er,
For ELBURN's wretched soul had fled.

ANNA.

FOR THE DESSERT.

The following lines were occasioned, by hearing a
young lady of this city remarkable for her musical
powers; sing to the Piano.

I'VE heard that music's pow'r divine

"Could soften rocks, the stoutest oaks entwine"

Like many wonders that I heard in youth,
I pass'd this by, still doubting of its truth.

But when I hear the fair ELIZA sing!
What soft emotions through my senses ring!

And when her lovely fingers touch the keys,
The soft Piano, never fails to please!

To strike me mute! Nor would I wish to speak
Whilst harmony divine plays round that cheek.

Cupid in ambush, midst those auburn locks
Wounds without pain! I glory in his shocks.

Convinced I own the pow'r of music's charms,
A willing captive dread not her alarms.

Whilst its sweet influence is both felt and seen,
Now join'd with love, inspired by dear

SIXTEEN

SONNETS to SOLITUDE.

By Dr. PERFECT.

RECEIVE me, ye shades, to your arms:

Your queen 'tis my bosom can bless;
Expanding her sky-brighten'd charms,
In your deepest-sequester'd recess.

On the side of yon smooth-sloping hill,
Dear charmer, I'll hail thy retreat,
Where plays, in soft murmurs, the rill,
By the hermit's contiguous seat.

Divested of trouble and strife,
Let Science and Peace with me dwell;
Thy whispers, Content, soothe my life:
And, Solitude, sanction my cell.
Though plain my repast be, yet there should I
find

Hygeia most bland, and Minerva most kind.

DEAR Solitude, sober of mien,

To others the lays I consign,
Descriptive of love's tender scene.
Or pour'd in libations of wine.

Oh, waft me to life's lowly vale!
I'll listen well-pleas'd to thy song.
Thy voice shall my spirits regale,—
My musings to rapture prolong.

The water-falls, flocks, and the herds,
Enthusiast! listen to thee.
More melodious the voice of the birds,
And Spring in thy coverts we see.
Let others in splendour and opulence dwell,
Thy peace be my wealth, and my palace thy cell.

HER imperial bouquet Nature yields,
Luxuriously kind from her hand;
The pomp of the groves and the fields
Sheds cheerfulness over the land.

To Solitude's call I attend,
When moon-light sleeps over the hill.
See Cynthia in silver descend,
Reflecting pale light from the rill.
Where woodbines, in many a wreath,
The flowrets below overlook,—

Where lilies spontaneously breathe
On the verge of a crystalline brook,
There, free from delusion—from vanity freed
The page of pure Nature her vot'ry shall read.